The Author's Notebook

A Short Story

Aiden Branss

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April 10th, 2018:

I feel like I am always writing in this dang notebook everyday, and I hate that. My friend Murphy started calling me the nickname "The Author" just because he noticed I write in this notebook all the time during algebra. What he hasn't noticed though is the pain I've been experiencing.

I haven't been able to write about what happened till now. This constant feeling of sadness has been killing me on the inside, and I don't know what to do.

3 weeks ago is when everything happened with Sam. I met her at the 7th grade dance, and we had a really fun time. We ended up hugging and really liking each other. The following Monday, I ripped a dandelion out the ground and gave it to her. When she grabbed it, I asked her to be my girlfriend and she said yes.

I was so happy. I remember my cheeks getting bright red, and we hugged again. Since then, we've been dating. We would always hang out, have late night phone calls, and it all seemed like a fantasy.

We'd always get in trouble for PDA, which I have no idea what that means. But anyway, when I went up to her 3 weeks ago, it all changed. I went to go in for a hug, but before I could, she backed away. I was confused and I got really nervous. In the year we've been together she never acted like this.

I asked her, "What's wrong Samantha?"

And she said, "I like this guy named Mario."

My heart began beating so fast when she said that. I felt like I was going to have a panic attack.

She told me, "I am breaking up with you because I like Mario now."

She closed her locker and walked off with Mario. He grabbed her hand and they went on their way, while I stood there wanting to die. Everybody in the hallway saw what happened and other kids started making fun of me.

Sam's friend Carol told everyone in school what happened, and now a bunch of people know, and it makes me hate my life. I don't know what to do now. Everyone knows I am a loser.

May 10th, 2018:

I started listening to a lot of music. I listen to music so much that my teachers always yell at me for having my earbuds in. I think Murphy is noticing that something is wrong with me. But I always play it off.

The songs I am listening to everyday talk about the pain girl's cause. These songs also talk about real stuff, like drugs and dying. I listen to these songs on repeat everyday, because I relate to them a lot. Without Samantha, I do not know what to do and seeing her with Mario everyday makes it hurt even more.

Everyone knows I'm a loser and I am just an embarrassment to society. I always keep my hood up, and I know things are only going to get worse from here.

May 11th, 2018:

I was at the lunch table eating a slice of cheese pizza with a carton of chocolate milk, when some kid named Kyle came up to me.

He said to me, "Sam said you are a bad kisser, and Mario is so much better than you."

I looked behind him to see Sam and her group of friends all pointing and laughing at me. In that moment I snapped. I grabbed him by his shirt and threw him down to the ground. He smacked against the floor and everyone in the lunchroom was staring at me.

My heart began to throb, and I realized what I had just done. The school police officer named Officer Meatball ran up to me, grabbed me by the arm, and escorted me out of the lunchroom. Everyone was laughing and recording videos of me on their phones.

I got sat down in the principal's office, and he started yelling at me.

He screamed, "Do you have anything to say for yourself Mr. Connor?"

I replied, "No."

I didn't know what to do. All I knew is that I was going to be in big trouble, and I was right. They told me I was being suspended for one week, and that I wouldn't be able to partake in the 8th grade field trip to the arcade.

My mom came to pick me up, and once I got in the car, she started yelling at me.

She yelled out, "What is wrong with you?"

Clearly by her words she knew I was a failure as well. Only more reason to just disappear. She took away my phone, and all I'm left with is this journal.

May 18th, 2018:

Mom and dad have been saying that they are disappointed in me this entire week. I haven't had my phone, and all I do is lay on the floor replaying everything in my head. I've been sitting in the dark, staring at the ceiling. I am not eating anymore, and all I can think about is what Sam did to me.

My dad came barging into my room today and told me to help him cook. So, I did as he said. We went to the kitchen, and he made chicken while I stood there and watched. He handed me a small knife and told me to cut the chicken up into very small pieces. He was purposely trying to make me do something annoying as punishment.

I cut up the chicken into tiny pieces, and we all ended up eating. But before anyone noticed, I snuck the small knife into my pocket. After we ate, I was sent back to my room for the night, still without my phone.

When I was in my room, looking out the window, I got the sudden urge to just die. I feel like my life is over and I can't make this right. I took the knife out of my pocket, and without thinking, I pulled down my sleeve and started to cut my wrist.

My wrist began bleeding a bit, and I felt like my pain was being relieved. I made one more small cut on myself and let it bleed for a bit. When I felt like I bled out enough, I ran to the bathroom and grabbed two bandages to cover the cuts up. I ran back to my room and laid down in bed, thinking about what I had done. My mom came into my room and told me that she'd give me my phone back tomorrow morning if I promise to do better.

I told her I would. She left the room and that was the end of it. I wish my mom and dad loved me because they don't. They think I'm stupid and I can't do anything right. I'm such a disappointment for getting suspended to begin with.

June 2nd, 2018:

It's the final week of school. We are going to graduate on Friday. For the past two weeks, I've been listening to more music. This one song I keep listening to has the lyrics, "I want to put 10 shots in my brain."

I relate to this type of depression. I know this singer's pain. Murphy came up to me while I was listening to music and invited me over to go hang out at his house. I said no and walked away. He sent me a text message saying that I changed and that he's worried about me. But I really disagree with him saying I changed. I didn't change, I just see what the world is all about. We live in an endless cycle of sadness. I just know life is going to get worse for me.

June 15th, 2018:

I graduated. We had a big ceremony, and I didn't want to go but I did anyway. I saw Samantha there with her family, and I honestly felt sad the whole time. When we got home from the celebration, I went to my room and watched videos online.

It's been a bit since then, and now it's summer break before high school. I'm really scared and I don't know what to do. All I've been doing is staying inside, alone in my room. I feel a constant urge to just end it all at this point. I sit in the dark all day and drink coffee. These songs I have on repeat express what I'm going through, and they all say there is no escaping this.

One of the songs said something about eating a pill to get rid of the pain, and I know my mom has a lot of pills in her medicine cabinet. I was thinking about this, then Murphy texted me. He told me that he hates seeing me like this and that he wants to hang out. He wanted to go see a movie. I ignored his text message. He has been trying to text me everyday, but I just ignore him.

This summer is never going to end.

July 2nd, 2018:

Today, I woke up and realized that there isn't a way out of this. These songs I listen to say death is the only way out, and I agree with it. Nothing is going to bring back Samantha, and nothing is going to make me feel better. When my parents were at work, I snuck into their bathroom and went to the medicine cabinet. There were so many plastic orange bottles, I didn't know what to take. I got scared in the moment and grabbed a random bottle and ran back to my room. When I'm dead, I know nobody will miss me because nobody loves me. Not even my parents. If they did, they would say it.

Tomorrow is the day.

July 3rd, 2018:

While everyone was getting ready for the 4th of July, I was getting ready to go through with my plan today. I sat in my room and opened the bottle of pills. I shook them all out into my hand and was ready to swallow them all.

For a moment I stopped and wondered if this was normal. But then again, those songs I listen to say that this is the only way. I held them in my hand, and before I took them, Murphy called me. I let it ring a bit before I picked up.

"Bro, I'm worried about you."

"It's okay, I am fine."

I lied to him knowing damn well what I planned on doing.

"Just know this man, we've known each other since we were babies, you are like a brother to me and I love you man."

When he said that something really struck in me. I haven't heard the words I love you in so, so long. That's when I put the pills back in the bottle and started breaking down to Murphy. I started crying

and letting it all out over the phone. I told him everything I was going through. I told him I cut myself and what I was going to do with the medicine.

I told him this and I thought he was going to call me stupid, but instead, he told me that everything was going to be okay. He told me that he was walking over to my house right away to come see me. When he got here, he gave me a hug, and we cried in each others' arms. I let it all out and it felt so good.

We waited for my mom and dad to get home from work, and he sat next to me as I told them what was going on. We all cried together and, in a way, it sucked because I hate crying in front of my family. But for some reason, I felt better.

2 hours before this, I wanted to die, but there I was with my parents and best friend pouring down tears, feeling better that I let it all out.

I wish I didn't go through this alone, because all along I had help.

July 20th, 2018:

Things have changed, but in a good way. My family and I go to a lady and talk about our feelings twice a week. I don't feel sad anymore. Murphy and me hang out a lot, and I do not care about the past anymore.

I wish I knew beforehand that there was a light at the end of all of this. If only I knew. I stopped listening to those sad songs, and I go outside and enjoy the sunshine everyday. I was surprised that talking about this stuff actually made me feel better.

Today, I went to the park with my parents, and we had a nice time. They have been there for me, and I know that they deep down love me a lot. When I got home, I laid in bed and started listening to some happy music. I got a text message notification, and when I looked it was from Sam. She had texted me that she broke up with Mario, and wanted to get back together. I looked at the message and without hesitation, I blocked her. I don't need that stupidness in my life anymore.

I think I'll keep up this whole writing thing. I actually like writing.

Who knows, maybe I'll be a famous author one day. But for now, I'm ready to keep living, and see where life takes me.

The end